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and despatch.
ABIEL T. NOYES, Agent in Portland.

For the Reporter.
THE DAYS OF FERN.

Days of Fern, so fraught with gladness
Sunny hours of living light;
Glimmering and tangled ringlets
In my mind are gleaming bright.
Where the path beside the old wood
Gravel walk and grassy side;
Here the violets, blue and yellow,
Bloomed in all their modest pride.
Winding round the "Sweet Fern" hill-side
Strawberry knolls and gray stone wall;
Scattered the school-house, green moss covered,
Scattered by the alders, tall.
Some of earnest toil and pastime
Childhood's laugh and school ma'am's rod,
In all their wonted beauty
Where my happy feet once trod.
On the floor those bare feet pattered—
Faint and the whitened sand;
Scattered by that loving hand,
And there stands the old white pitcher
With its wealth of roses red—
To drink that healthy odor
And those scented flowers to tread!

Years have passed—and I have clambered
The vine-clad hill, the broken stile,
My crooked pathway rambled
The sunny hours to beguile;
In the strawberry knoll, the Sweet Fern
Hill-side
My feet shall press no more, I ween;
My heart is budding, blooming
Sunny still, and fresh, and green.
And the humble low thatched school-house
Standing on the smiling green—
Among the proudest domes of learning,
In my heart the reigning queen.
In many a scene I may have mingled
But far outshines the days of yore;
But the sweetest to my memory
Is the Fern upon the sandal floor.
Evanston, Ill.
"OUR COTTAGE."

THE CLERK'S MARRIAGE.

You are a brave young man or a very
weak one.
"Why do you say that?"
"To think of marriage."
"What has bravery or folly to do in the
matter?"
"The young lady is poor."
"I do not wed her for money."
"There would be some hope for you if she
were the possessor of twenty or thirty thou-
sand dollars. But being as poor as yourself,
the folly of this purpose stands out in bold
letters. Look before you leap, my friend—
consider the matter on the other side."
"I am not so foolish, Mr. Blair." The young
man's fine face glowed, and his eyes flashed
with repressed indignation.
"Not so foolish, Adrian, for marriage,
as society is not destitute. There's two sides
to the question of marriage—the sentimental
side, and the matter of fact side. Now,
I looked only at the sentimental side. I
suppose we consider the matter of fact as-
pect. You are a clerk receiving a salary of
one thousand dollars. How much have you
saved?"
"Nothing to speak of."
"Nothing! So much the worse. If it costs
you a thousand dollars a year to live, from
thence is to come the means of supporting
wife and family?"
"Oh, I've been careless and wasteful in ex-
penditure, as most young men are. I had
only myself to provide for, and was self-in-
dependent. But that will cease, of course."
"Granted, for argument sake. The young
man proposes to marry is named Rosa.
What?"
"A charming young girl; well educated;
society accomplished; used to good society, as
you say, and just suited to my friend Adrian,
who had money, or he an income of three
or four thousand a year. But the idea of
making her a happy wife, in the city of New
York, on a thousand dollars, is simply pre-
posterous. It can't be done, sir, and the at-
tempt will prove ruinous to the happiness of
both parties to so foolish an arrangement.—
as a matter of the easiest demonstration,
Adrian; and I wonder so good an account-
ant as you are, should not, ere this, have
settled this question by mathematical rules.—
let me do it for you. And first, we will look
at Rosa's present sphere of life. She has
come with a Mr. Hart, an uncle, and is

living in rather a luxurious way. Mr. Hart
is a man who thinks a deal of appear-
ances, and maintains a domestic establish-
ment that does not cost less than four thou-
sand dollars a year. His house rent is equal
to your salary. Now, in taking Rosa from
this home, into what kind of a one can you
place her?"

A sober line of thought came over the
young man's face.

"You cannot afford to rent a house at even
one half the cost of Mr. Hart's even if you
were able to buy furniture," continued Mr.
Blair.

"We will board, of course," said Adrian.—
"House-keeping is not to be thought of in the
beginning."

"If not in the beginning, how afterwards?"

The young man looked a trifle bewildered,
but did not answer.

"What are you paying for board?"

"Five dollars a week."

"You would require a parlor and bed-room
after marriage?"

"Yes."

"At a cost of not less than fifteen dollars
a week."

Adrian sighed.

"We could hardly afford the parlor."

"Hardly," said his friend. "Well give up
the parlor and take a pleasant chamber on
the second floor, at twelve dollars a week.—
But the house is not a first class, nor the lo-
cation very desirable. These are not to be
had in New York at twelve dollars a week.
You cannot afford for Rosa the elegance of
her present home. Three dollars more a
week for washing and etceteras, and your
income is drawn upon at the rate of seven
hundred and eighty dollars a year. Two
hundred and twenty left for clothing and all
other expenses. And so far, it has taken
nearly three times that sum to meet your
own demands. It has a bad look, Adrian."

"I was wasteful and self-indulgent," said
the young man, in a voice from which the
confident tone had departed. "It will scarce-
ly cost Rosa and me for clothing one-half of
what I expend."

"Say one half and your income will not
reach the demand. What was your tailor's
bill, last year?"

"One hundred and sixty dollars."

"Say two hundred, including boots, hats,
etceteras."

"Yes."

"You could hardly get this below a hun-
dred and fifty."

"Perhaps not."

The young man's voice was growing hus-
ky.

"That will leave seventy dollars for your
wife's clothing, and nothing for pleasures,
recreation, little luxuries, or anticipated,
but unavoidable expenses. And if it be so
with you too in good health, what will be
the condition of things in sickness and with
children to support and educate. Adrian,
my friend, there is debt, embarrassment, dis-
appointment and miserable life before you.
Pause and retrace your steps before it is too
late. If you love Rosa, spare her from this
impending fate. Leave her in her pleasant
home, or to grace that of a man better able
than you are to provide her with the exter-
nal blessings of life. You cannot marry on
a thousand dollars a year, and it is folly to
think of it."

"We could get board for ten dollars a week,"
said Adrian.

"That would scarcely help the business at
all. At the best, it would only make a dif-
ference in the amount of your indebtedness
at the close of each year. It is folly to
think of it, my young friend. You can't af-
ford to marry."

"It has a dark look, but there is no hold-
ing up now," replied Adrian, in a gloomy
way. "We have mutually pledged to each
other, and the day of our marriage has been
appointed."

"I'm sorry for you," said the friend, and
bachelor of forty, who, on an income of fif-
teen hundred dollars, could see no possible
chance for a happy marriage in the city of
New York, and preferred celibacy to the em-
barassments which he saw hundreds of
friends encounter in their attempts to live
in a style out of all proportion to their re-
sources. "I am sorry for you," he repeated;
"but if you will bend your neck to the yoke,
you must not complain of the burden you
find yourself compelled to bear."

Strange as it may appear, the young clerk
Henry Adrian, had never looked this matter
of income, expenditure, and style of living
fairly to the front. The actual aspect of the
case, when clearly seen, threw his mind in a
state of troubled bewilderment. He went
over and over again the calculation suggest-
ed by Mr. Blair, a book-keeper in the estab-
lishment where he was employed; cutting
off a little from one proposed expenditure
and another, but not being able to get the
cost of living down to the range of his sal-
ary, except when the style was so far below
that in which his wife must move, that he
turned back sick from the contemplation.—
The more steadily he looked at the truth,

the more heavily came the pressure of its
stony weight upon his heart. To go forward
was little less than madness, yet how could
he hold back now?

Rosa sat alone, reading in one of her un-
cle's parlor, waiting for her lover. He was
later than usual, so late that her book be-
gan to lose its interest, and at last lay close
upon her lap, while a shade fell over her
expectant face. A single glance at Rosa's
countenance revealed the fact that she was
a girl of some character. There was no
soft voluptuous languor about her, but an
erectness of position as she sat, and a firm-
ness of tone in all her features, that indicat-
ed an active mind and self-reliance.

An hour later than usual, Adrian came.

"Are you sick, Henry?" asked Rosa, as she
took his hand, and fixed her eyes on his so-
ber face.

"Not sick, but troubled in mind," he re-
plied without evasion.

"Why are you troubled, Henry?" And Rosa
drew an arm tenderly round her lover.

"Sit down and I will tell you. The trouble
concerns us both, Rosa."

The young girl's face grew pale. They
sat down together, holding each other's hands.
But in Adrian's countenance there was a re-
solute expression, such as we see in the coun-
tenance of a man who has settled a question
of difficult solution.

"The day fixed for our marriage is only
two months distant," he said.

The tone in which he spoke chilled the
heart of Rosa. She did not answer, but
kept her gaze on his face.

"Rosa, we must consider this matter. We
acted without forethought."

Her face became paler, her lips fell apart,
her eyes had a frightened expression.

"I love you, Rosa, tenderly, truly. My
heart is not turning from you. I would has-
ten, rather than retard the day of our mar-
riage. But there are considerations beyond
that day, which have presented themselves
and demand sober consideration. In a word,
Rosa, I cannot afford to marry. My income
will not justify the step."

The frightened look went out of Rosa's
eyes.

"It was wrong in me ever to have sought
your love."

Her hand tightened on his, and she sank
closer to his side.

"I am a clerk with only a thousand dollars
of income, and I do not see much beyond to
hope for. Rosa, the future of these par-
lors cost twice the amount of my salary.—
The rent of the home in which you now live
is equal to what I receive in a year. I can-
not take you from all this elegance into a
third-class boarding-house, the best my
means will provide. No, no, Rosa, it would
be unjust, selfish, wrong, cruel. How blind
in me to have thought of so degrading the
one I love!"

The young man was strongly agitated.

"And this is all that troubles you, Henry?"

"Is it not enough? Can I look at the two
alternatives that present themselves, and
not grow heart-sick? If we marry what is
before us? Humiliation, deprivation, and
all the ills that poverty brings for you; and
debt, trouble, and a life-long embarrassment
for me. If we separate, each taking dif-
ferent ways in life—oh, Rosa, I am not strong
enough to choose that alternative!"

And his form trembled under the pressure
of excitement.

"You love me, Henry?" The voice of Rosa
was calm, yet burdened with feeling.

"As my own life, darling. Have I not
said so a hundred times?"

"And even as my life do I love you, Henry."
For several moments her face lay hid-
den in his bosom. Then lifting it, Rosa
said:

"I am glad you have spoken on this subject
Henry. I could not approach it myself, but
now that we have it before us, let it be well
considered. Your income is one thousand
dollars?"

"Yes."

"A sum large enough to supply all the
real wants of two persons who have inde-
pendence enough not to be enslaved by a
mere love of appearances."

"Why, darling, it will require more than
half my salary to pay for respectable board-
ing."

"Taking it for granted that, after our mar-
riage, I am to sit down in a boarding-house,
with hands folded, an idle dependent on your
labor. But I shall not so construe my rela-
tion to my husband. I will be a help-met
for him. I will stand by his side, sharing
life's burdens."

"All that is in your heart, darling, I know,"
said Adrian. "But we are hedged round by
social forms that act as a hindrance. You
cannot help me. Society will demand of us
a certain style of living, and we must con-
form to it, or be pushed aside from all cir-
cles of refinement, taste, and intelligence.—
I cannot accept this ostracism for you, Rosa.
It is not right."

"As if a false, heartless world were more
to me than a true, loving husband. Henry,

the central point of social happiness is home;
as the home is, so will our lives be—rather
let me say, as we are so will our homes be—
centers of gloom or brightness. What oth-
ers think of us is really of little account in
making up the sum of our enjoyments as we
pass through life; but what we are in our-
selves is everything. We must be in the cen-
tres of our own world of happiness, or our
lives will be incomplete. Can a fine estab-
lishment like this, in which I live in weak
dependence, fill the measure of my desires?
Can it bring peace and contentment? No,
no, Henry; the humblest apartment shared
with you would be a palace to my soul in-
stead. I am not speaking the romantic en-
thusiasm of an ardent girl, but soberly,
truthfully, Henry. No, dearest, we will not
make ourselves unhappy by living apart, be-
cause we cannot make a fine appearance in
other people's eyes. God has given us love
for each other, and the means of happiness if
we will use them. Let us take this good gift
in thankfulness. You have an income of
one thousand dollars. We must not expect
to live as those who have two or three or four
thousand dollars a year. Be that folly far
from us, Henry! I am equal to the self-denial
it will require if the word 'self-denial'
is to be used. Are you not also? Oh, Henry!
is there any joy to be imagined beyond that
which flows from the conjunction of two lov-
ing hearts? and shall pride and a weak spir-
it of social conformity come in to rob us of
our blessings?"

The young man had come sternly resolved
to put off the day of marriage. He parted
from his betrothed that night, looking for-
ward with golden-hued hopes for its arrival.
They had talked over the future, practically
and sensibly. The lover's fond pride, which
had looked to a fair social appearance
for his young wife, gave place to a better
view of things. He saw his love had fixed
itself upon a true woman, and that in the
humble sphere in which their lot was cast,
all attainable happiness was in store for
them, if they would but open their hearts in
an orderly way to its reception. One thing
said to him by Rosa in that evening's talk
we repeat, for the sake of young wives or
maiden on the eve of marriage.

"Be nice, dear Henry," she said; the task
of ordering and regulating our domestic af-
fairs in conformity with your means. I will
give all thought to that. Your income is fixed,
and I shall know exactly the range of ex-
penditure we must adopt. Do not fear debt
and embarrassment. These wretched forms shall
never enter your home while I stand senti-
nel at the door. If the husband gives his
life and care to work, shall not the wife do
the same? If he provides to the best of his ab-
ility, shall not she dispense with wise fru-
gality his earnings? She that fails to do
this is not worthy of her position.

"And so you are bent on this folly?" said
the bachelor clerk on the day preceding that
on which Adrian was to be married.

"Yes, if you choose to call it folly," was
the answer.

"Where are you going—to Saratoga?"

"We shall go nowhere."

"What! will you not make a bridal tour?"

"No. A clerk who only receives a salary
of one thousand dollars can't afford to spend
it in making a bridal tour."

Mr. Blair shrugged his shoulders and arch-
ed his eyebrows, as much as to say if I
couldn't afford a bridal tour, I'd not marry.

On the day after Adrian's wedding, he
was at his usual place in the counting-room.
He received from his fellow clerks a few fee-
ble congratulations. Most of them thought
him a fool to burden himself with a wife not
worth a dollar.

"When I marry, I'll better my condition—
not make it worse," was the unspoken thought
of more than one.

"Where are you boarding?" asked Mr.
Blair, indifferently, two or three weeks after
Adrian's marriage.

"Nowhere," was replied; we are at house-
keeping."

"What?"

"At house-keeping."

"What is your rent?"

"Two hundred dollars, and half that my
wife, good little wife, is to pay in music les-
sons to our landlord's daughters. We have
two pleasant rooms in a third story. I fur-
nished these with the money it would have
taken for the usual bridal tour. Rosa has the
use of the kitchen, and insists on doing her
own cooking and housework for the present.
I demurred, and I do demur, but she says
that 'work is worship,' if performed conscien-
tiously and dutifully, as she is performing
it. And with all this, we are very happy.
Mr. Blair as you shall witness. To-morrow
you must go home with me, take tea, and
spend the evening."

Mr. Blair accepted the invitation. He
had met Rosa, occasionally, before her mar-
riage, and knew her to be a bright, accom-
plished young woman, fitted to move in re-
fined and intelligent circles, and he felt some
curiosity to see her in the new position of

mistress and maid to her own household.—
The Third Avenue cars bore the two men a
long, long way from the city's throbbing heart
to the more quiet exterior, where they alight-
ed, and, after a short walk, entered a mod-
est looking house with well tended shrub-
bery in the little front garden. To the third
story they ascended, and there the young
wife met them. Not blushing and with
stammering apologies for their poor home,
but with such ease and sweet self-possession
and such loving smiles about her lips—that
Mr. Blair felt himself once more transferred
to an earthly paradise. As soon as time
came for observation, he took note of what
was around him.

The furniture of the room into which he
had been ushered, could scarcely have been
plainer. In the centre stood a small break-
fast table covered with a snowy cloth, and
set for three persons. Four cane-seat chairs,
a work-stand, a hanging shelf for books, a
mantel ornament or two of no special value
an ingrain carpet on the floor, and plain,
white curtains looped back with blue rib-
bons, made up the complete inventory. No
not the complete inventory; for there was a
piano against the wall, the dark case and
plain style of which showed it to be no re-
cent purchase. The instrument had been
Rosa's, as the observant visitor correctly in-
ferred.

After a pleasant talk of some minutes,
Rosa left the room, and not long after re-
turned, bearing a tray, on which were tea,
toast, butter, biscuit, cold tongue, and sweet-
meats. A beautiful glow was on her face
as she entered, but nothing of shame or hurt
pride. With her own fair hands she ar-
ranged the table, and then took her place at
the head, to serve her husband and his friend.

The heart of Mr. Blair glowed and stirred
with a new impulse as he looked into the
pure, sweet, happy face of the young wife,
as she poured the tea, and served the meal
which she had prepared.

After supper, Rosa removed the tea things
and was absent nearly half an hour. She
returned through her chamber, which ad-
joined their little parlor, breakfast and sit-
ting room, all in one, with just the slightest
change in her attire, and looking as fresh,
happy and beautiful, as if entering a draw-
ing-room filled with company. The evening
passed in reading, music, and pleasant con-
versation. As Mr. Blair was about retiring,
Adrian said:

"Do you think, now, that we were fools to
marry?"

Rosa stood with her hands drawn within
one arm of her husband, and clasped; and
with a face radiantly happy.

A shade crept over Mr. Blair's counte-
nance.

"No, not fools, but wise as others might be,
if they were courageous enough to do as you
have done, Mrs. Adrian," and he took the
young wife's hand. "I honor your bravery;
your independence, your true love, that was
not overshadowed by worldliness, that mil-
dew of the heart, that blight on your social
life. You are a thousand times happier in
your beautiful seclusion than any fashion-
loving wife or slave to external appearance,
can ever be."

"I love my husband, and I live for him."
Rosa leaned closer to the manly form by her
side. "I understood, when we married, that
he was a life toiler; that our home would
be established and sustained by the work of
his hands; and I understood as well that if
it was right and honorable for him to work,
it would be no less right and honorable for
me. Was it to sit idle, and have a servant
to wait on me, when his was a lot of toil?
No—no—no! I had my part to perform as
well as he, and I am performing it to the
best ability."

"You are a true woman, a wise woman, a
good woman," said Mr. Blair, with ardor,
and you will be happy as you deserve to be.
I thought Harry a fool to marry on a thou-
sand dollars, and I told him so. But I take
back my words. If such women as you
were plentiful, we could all marry and find
our salaries ample. Good night, and may
God bless you."

And the bachelor clerk who could not af-
ford to marry on fifteen hundred a year, went
to his lonely home—lonely, though thickly
peopled—and sitting down in his desolate
chamber, dreamed of the sweet picture of
domestic felicity he had seen, and sighed for
a sweet hiding place from the world, and all
its false protection and heartless show.

THE POST OFFICE.

What a world of joy and misery is packed
away in those little "pigeon holes" in the
post office. How many hearts are made
glad with the joyous news, as tearing open
the envelope, the restless eye searches over
the written page, and finds that all is well.
Let us, in imagination, stand within the
door, and watch the comers of the newly ar-
rived mail. Look at that man of business,
whose careless air denotes no surprise as he
tears open the wrappers and hurriedly glances
over the half filled page. 'Tis an every

day matter with him, and he hurries away
with a philanthropic step. But here comes
an old man, whose silvered locks and trem-
bling form betokens care and earnest anxiety.
He waits patiently though, until the jostling
crowd have passed the outer door. Now,
mark! he totters up to the little side win-
dow, and in a scarcely audible voice, in-
quires "is there a letter for me to-day, sir?"

The clerk fumbles over a huge package, and
takes therefrom a letter, whose mellowed
and broken edges denote a long voyage.—
How the old man's eyes brighten beneath
these jutting brows, like far-off stars shin-
ing through the caverns of a cloud, as the
long-delayed document is tossed to him thro'
the side window by the thoughtless clerk.—
That letter is from an only son, and as the
feeble right searches the crumpled page
through the fellowship of a pair of misty
iron-band spectacles, a tear starts out and
drops upon his furrowed cheek, and lingers
there as if it were the last diamond drop
welled up from the fountain of human af-
fections, to signalize his joy. That son is
the old man's idol, and it brings the joyous
news of a speedy return to the home of his
childhood. He turns from the office with a
quicker step, and hurries away.

Turn now, reader, to another picture.—
How different the musical words, "a letter
for me to-day, sir?" as the fair questioner
peers through the little side window, so be-
wittingly confident. A young maiden of
scarce seventeen summers, with the glow
and beauty of health stamped upon her dim-
pled cheek in tell-tale blushes, arrests the
eye of the clerk, and with the most studied
smile he hands the waiting damsel a care-
fully directed envelope, with a diamond form
motto in the centre, upon which is printed,
no doubt, some endearing expression of love.
She glances at the chirography, and then at
the motto, and the story is told as plainly to
her as if she had already broken the seal,
and perused the contents. She places the
new treasure in her bosom, as it were safer
close to her happy, throbbing heart, and then
tires away from the gaze of curious eyes, to
enjoy its sacred words.

Another picture, and we leave the subject.
An elderly lady stands at the little side
window, and as she inquires, "a letter for
me to-day, sir?" and received the old ster-
eotyped answer—"no letter to-day, madam,"
she turns away with the same sad expres-
sion upon her pallid face as when she came
—with the same broken heart as yesterday.
Every day her steps lead her to the post of-
fice, and every day the same disparaging
words fall upon her ears with mournful ca-
cidence. Still the angel hope flutters its tired
wings, and keeps alive a little flame way
down in the farthest corner of her woman's
heart. "No letter to-day, madam," is as
familiar to her ears as the dying groan of
the soldier to the wailing winks of a desert
battle-field. She comes again and again,
and lingers beside that little window, as if
she could not go away without some word—
some token of remembrance from the loved
and lost. Alas! who can fathom the deep
sea of affliction, and bring to light the skele-
ton forms locked in eternal sleep by the
grim demon, Despair? Over the past, mem-
ory hangs but a thin gossamer curtain,
through which the mind's eye can easily
peer; but the future hangs her black cur-
tain before us, and its centre glows with one
burning word—"Uncertainty!"

The Post Office!—what a depot, and how
freighted with human affections. Joys and
sorrows sleep side by side within those nar-
row "pigeon holes," and every day in the
little side window flutters the white winged
messengers, that are to carry to the heart
its treasured worth or its laden griefs.—
What volumes of doubts, and fears, and an-
xieties are expressed in those simple words,
"a letter for me to-day, sir?"—Bergin Coun-
ty Journal.

New Mode of Fismis—Crimoline for Her-
ring Nets. The Yarmouth, Mass., Register
is responsible for the following good story.—
There is no doubt of its exact truth, for
newspapers never deal in fiction:

One day last week, as a fisherman, who
lives not a thousand miles from Dighton,
Mass., (and by the way, has five bouncing
daughters,) was shooting his seine, it was
damaged by coming in contact with some
substance on the bottom of the river, so that
he had to take it to the shore for repairs.—
While he was doing this, a seine farther down
the river made a good haul, thus indicating
that a large "school" of fish were passing
by. The old man became so enraged to
think he could not get his share of them,
that he fairly jumped up and down, and
swore like mad. The girls, seeing (from
the house which was close by) that some-
thing was going wrong, went out to render
what assistance they could. Arriving at the
spot, they soon comprehended the whole dif-
ficulty, and as the water was not deep they
joined hands, jumped into the river, spread
their crinoline, and sat down. After sitting
about five minutes, the one nearest to the
shore extended her hands toward the old

gentleman, and exclaimed at the top of her voice, "haul dad, haul, we are chock full!" The old man did haul, as also did several young men who by this time, were attracted to the spot. The result was, one of the largest hauls of herrings which has been taken the present season. The old man has always been dreadfully opposed to hoops, but he now declares that he has "not a word to say, agin 'em, no way."

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WAR. There are thousands of women to-day, fired by that generous enthusiasm that leads their fathers and husbands, their brothers and sons to leave home and face the cannon's mouth in defence of liberty—for the support of the government and the maintenance of the national flag—who are asking what they can do in the war, and for victory to the right. Possibly their zeal for labor may be misdirected, and their very efforts to aid impede the cause they would prosper. It certainly will be so, if they fail to understand the whole case; and since the most essential point to them, relating to money, is one on which many fathers and husbands will dislike to speak, we will say a word on the subject.

It has delighted us to see the spirit and vigor of the American women in this crisis which is developing the real character of our people, and proving the mettle of the nation. To a great extent, in this age, a people will be represented in their women. They, more than the men, form the habits, govern the fashions, and give tone to the spirit and action of the nation. To some extent this was always so. The Greek mother who could hand her son going to battle, his shield, and tell him to bring it back to her with honor or be borne back upon it dead, not only taught a lesson to that youth, but the story going over the land and coming down the line of history, did its work for her nation and for the world. But in the past and darker ages woman's influence was less while in this day she has become the equal of man in education and general intelligence, and comes to act directly, where before she only had an indirect influence through others. She does not stand back now to utter general sentiment that may apply to all cases; she considers the causes of war; understands the position of the parties; examines their rights; and urges upon those within the sphere of her influence their duties. We have boasted in times past of our mothers of the Revolution; and sometimes the women of this day compared with those, have been termed weak, timid and the foolish slaves of fashion. This hour of our nation's peril is bringing us to a more correct opinion. It is showing that the women of this period are not unworthy of the mothers of the past, and will not disgrace the men who so nobly prepare to battle till victory or death shall abide with them. They have put away the soft and gentle words that did for times of peace—for the parlor and tea-table use—to utter words firm and strong for their country. They have given up fathers and brothers and friends; not with tears and sobs that would dishearten, but with smiles through tears and earnest pleadings that would prove not unworthy of the noble country they possess, the glorious liberty they have enjoyed, and the hearts and hands and smiles of women who seem to be slaves or the associates of cowards. From one end of the land to the other they have said:—"We are prepared for any toil, any privations, any self-denials; aye, for the bitterness that death itself shall bring to our doors, if to the children and grandchildren and to coming generations, may descend the rights and the liberties that came to us through the perils and sufferings of those who went before. We pray for peace, oh God, return it to our land;—we pray for those we love; oh God, spare and return them in safety;—we pray for renewed prosperity and the abundance that has crowned our lives; oh God, give them to us once more; but not for social or sensual enjoyments—not for wealth or pleasure, not for friends who would be disgraced by servility, and not for peace that comes with dishonor, do we pray. Let them all go, if so it must be, but let the country remain, and let the Stars and Stripes wave forever. What shall we do?"

Most effectively can women work at home. War has its burdens, its dangers, its trials for others than those who go to the tented field. If long it shall last it will seriously affect business and property, and in its onward course will crush those who may not be within sight or sound of glistening bayonets or thundering cannon. Every discerning woman can see the anxiety that burdens the community. We do not care to say now all that is in our mind on this topic; but we will say, in the fewest words, that in time of war every man's income will be less, and every man's taxes and expenditures will be more. Now, if women will do anything for their country, let them not run wild in demonstration and subscriptions of doubtful utility; in thinking only of nurses in the army, or in any outward action that may be well enough in itself and needed in its place; but let every one go to husband or father and ask—how is this war to affect you? Can I do anything to relieve you in your labors or in your troubles? They will find perhaps that there are enemies to combat near at hand; there are filling hearts and weak hands that need encouragement by their own freestides; there is something to do at home. Many a man is beneath clouds doubts and burdens, of which he has not whispered to his own wife and conceals from his own child, hoping that to-morrow will be better than to-day and the cup will pass

from him. But let all know this—that if war continues, every family dependent on income from property will have fewer and smaller receipts; every man in business will find it harder to collect his dues and pay his notes; and every one looking to the labors of his hands for support, will have less to do and smaller pay for doing that little; and therefore one and all must contrive some means of living that will meet the new condition of things. If any woman, therefore, asks—what she can do in this great national trial? we reply—you can know the exact pecuniary condition of those to whom you look for money; and then you may see the necessity of saving a dollar at home. Encourage not only him who fights, but him who labors. When he says I have notes coming due—I have demands I cannot meet, cheer him by your unselfishness, saying, "husband, we will live in cheaper rent;" "father, trust me to do the household work." Tell them you seek not pleasures and vain show, when others suffer and would gladly conceal themselves from the world, and especially from their creditors; that if they want to know that the women of to-day are not inferior to those of 1776, you can banish tea from the table, as did your mothers, when the demand comes or dispense with any other luxuries; the fashion plates shall not be looked at till peace is declared; the old dresses shall do, or when they must be replaced calico shall be a substitute for silks; and the old bonnets shall answer without regard to what Paris says about the latest styles. This is the way above all others for women to show their courage and patriotism, and to prove their love for man and their devotion to their country; and especially to have the means of aiding the army and perpetuating liberty for their posterity. —[Newburyport Herald.]

The Bridgton Reporter.

BRIDGTON, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1861.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

No mistake is greater than to suppose that enjoyment depends upon extraordinary and difficult conditions. We can make ourselves very happy for hours, with simply watching happy people.

Never was a truer text. If there is one class of mistakes that outweigh all others in the worlds great business, it is that class born of the strange and yet too common idea that happiness belongs only to some unusual condition of worldly importance. The simple truth is, that real happiness is not consistent with a condition not in harmony with the attributes and acquisitions of the soul. Happiness, like life itself, is a legitimate result. Like the air we breathe, like the food we eat, it ought to be common to us all, and nourish all. Search the history of the world, and you cannot find real, enduring happiness in the lives of those who have agonized for power with unusual and unwarrantable means. It is a general impression that power brings great measures of happiness—but we forget that the only true measure of happiness is the soul itself and not the surroundings of this life.

Power, when it comes to an individual in its legitimate channels—in the course of worth—is conducive to enjoyment, for it contemplates duties to be discharged and good government to be administered. So with wealth obtained by usual means and humanly used. It is powerful for good, productive of much comfort and even happiness, when it is used in the ordinary business of the world, and given in easy and worthy charities; but no strange freaks of wealth can make a man happy, any more than an unreal and unlawful assumption of social power can make a man genteel.

Both run to extremes. There is no easy gentility to excess of pride. It makes men instead of patterns of dignity, more like icebergs fallen from the frozen heights of a morbid respectability, and threatening every white-winged bark of hope that plies the ocean of life. So with all strange conditions. They do not bring the results for which the soul is longing, and the world is waiting.—They are not contributions to the grand gulf-stream of an earnestly throbbing life, but they are rather counter-currents that ruffle the easy flow of life's purposes. No, happiness belongs to no unusual conditions of life. It comes of the doing of good deeds, of the promptings of the soul, of the approval of the judgment, and the conditions of these are the simplest and the commonest in all the earth. Oh, how much better would it be, were it understood, that though men with vaulting ambition can perhaps attain strange heights among their fellows, the foundation can hardly be well laid in happiness of an enduring nature.

Few men who have tried to toy with fate and the world, have found real enjoyment for themselves or friends, any more than the alchemist has found wealth in base metals, without purifying and waiting. How many men are to-day, agonizing—not for what is eminently deserved alone—for some bright fortune that shall cost them nothing, but with one bound fill their full measure of earthly comfort.

They can hardly define their object, or found their hope; but they are dying for novel, strange sensations that shall put them far above the common herd, and consequently invest them with ravishing delights.—Strange alchemy!

When will men learn, that to tread the path of earnest, cheerful, manifold duty is the way to all the enjoyment fit for gods or men!

A Mrs. Kelt was shot and instantly killed by Mr. Jesse Higgins, at Hancock, lately.

WHAT IS "MARTIAL LAW." We have heard it asked, and had it asked of us, "What is Martial Law?" In its broadest sense, it is the code of regulations of an army, with rules of conduct adopted with no peculiar reference to social relation, and with offences defined and punished in a manner peculiar to military discipline, and unknown to the civil code.

When Martial Law is proclaimed, it is because of a "military necessity" and during its operation, the civil code is in abeyance—suspended. Citizens are subject to the same surveillance that attaches to a militia encampment, and are watched and held to just as strict account and conduct as the soldiers of an army, and may be punished for misconduct with imprisonment or death, without reference to the Statutes of the State or district. Even the writ of *habeas corpus* is suspended by the Courts, except, possibly, in some extreme cases.

It seems to be rather a hard necessity in this land of social freedom, but it is, nevertheless the part of wisdom, and indeed on the part of all loyal citizens is a means of safety and confidence in any reign of terror.

We notice that most of our people have been improving the opening spring season in the usual occupations of beautifying their homesteads by planting trees, flowers &c. Our "Corner lot" under the management of Mr. Perley promises to be worthy of any New England home. We can hardly over-estimate the refining influences of good gardening and careful husbandry of the manifold gifts and resources of this thrice blest season. Let it be improved in a manner worthy the character of an enlightened people.

We have nothing to do with politics in these columns, and do not intend to question the course of political editors in the State; but as a citizen as well as a journalist, we confess to a large share of the public dissatisfaction at the "personal matter" thrust forth from some of the leading political journals of this State. At all times they are objectionable, but doubly so now that they profess to have one object. Gentlemen, for the sake of your friends—of all political parties—drop these things, at least when they so materially mar the sacred cause you all have adopted.

OLD FASHIONED EPIGRAM. In an old paper we found the following quaint Epitaph upon a wonderful man. It is said to be an exact copy from a tombstone in the church yard near Guilford, N. H. and comes near to being a biography. In these times, when patriarchs and heroes are looked for and remembered, such a relic is worth reproducing.—Read it and see if you could have well crowded more information into an epitaph, or virtues into an individual!—

"Benjamin Carpenter, Esq., born in Rehoboth, Mass., A. D. 1726; a Magistrate in Rhode Island in 1764; a public teacher of righteousness; an able advocate to his last for Democracy and equal rights of man; removed to this town in 1770; was field officer in the Revolutionary War; a founder of the first Constitution and Government of Vermont; a Councillor of Censors in 1778; a member of the Council and Lieut. Gov. of the State in 1783; a firm professor of Christianity in the Baptist church 50 years; left this world and 1300 living posterity. March 20th, 1804, aged 78 years 10 months and 12 days, with a strong mind and in full faith of a more glorious state hereafter; stature about 6 feet, weight 200. Death for him had no terrors."

We strolled into Mr. Benj. Walker's new mill the other day, and cannot help expressing admiration for the rare combination of Yankee ingenuity and enterprise in its plan. It not only can manufacture almost any shape of lumber, but grinds plaster, corn, rye and finally does almost anything in the line of water-powers. It will hereafter be found a worthy candidate for a generous share of public patronage, and which it will be sure to get.

Everybody is enquiring about the First Regiment of Maine Volunteers quartered at Portland. The latest news in regard to them is, that they will not proceed to Fort Monroe at present on account of the breaking out of measles—some twenty being sick, and Capt. Gardner refusing to take them until they be rid of the disease. The Second Regiment (Bangor) goes in their place—having gone from Portland Wednesday. It is reported that six Regiments are to be equipped for the service, and they are already full—five having been filled and the sixth ready to be accepted.

NORTH BRIDGTON SCHOOL. The Spring term closed on Tuesday of the present week. We hoped to have been able to attend the public exanimation, but the rain prevented. We learn from those who did attend, that it was particularly creditable. We are sorry that the entire Board of Instruction is not to be retained—or rather engaged for the next fall term—as probably few persons can be found to make Mr. Stone's place good there. The Summer term begins the 29th of the present month, under the excellent charge of Mr. Hilton. See advertisement.

The Great Eastern Steamship arrived at New York on Saturday. We have heard it hinted that this monster Steamship might be chartered or possibly purchased by the Government, for transporting troops and munitions of war. It is claimed that she can carry an army of 4000 men with all the necessary outfit for a formidable siege.

Godey's has come and is full of Summer fashions, and polite literature. It is indispensable to the household.

OBITUARY. "Bonny"—the widely known and well-tried—is gone to the land of shades. His was an eventful life. For fourteen years he has withstood the direful orleals of this world, and left it, at his departure, the better for his relation to it. Ever faithful to his friends, never treacherous to foes, he has filled the full measure of an earnest and honest fame, and his name shall hardly be forgotten in one generation, at least. The last scene has been played, and the curtain has fallen; and though many may yet hope that

"Thereby hangs a tail," we answer, no longer.

But it will gratify his early friends, who remember his plain, watchful, and dog-matic character, to know that his death was worthy of the life—it was natural, it was timely, it was fit! Yes his last race is run; and he who never turned up his nose at the plainest fare, nor growled over the "house of contention"—he who never whined over fancied ills, nor "bounced" after unlawful wealth—whose everyday appearance was so pleasant and genial that it seemed even *ragish*—he who was "up to snuff" the earliest morning breeze and looked "hope fully into the sky for "birds of omen"—he who looked at life squarely, and in all pursuits tugged doggedly "at the root of the matter"—he who was always in for a "brush" and never before heard the call "time" without being up to the "scratch," can be aroused no more by new dog-mas as to his future state.

Poor fellow! You was a trump card;—and at "All fours" generally got "the game" and at another—*Euchre*—were an unflinching *bow-er*; but the last was against you.—It is "What's" now; and though you filled the "book," with "floods easy," an unlucky "odd trick" at "Spades" beat you. *Requiescat, in pace!*

Everybody in this vicinity will remember the mysterious robbery of Caswell's shop, just a year ago this month. It was one of the most unfortunate losses to them, and full of mystery to the public. Two or three days ago, a notice to the effect that some jewelry had been found in Windham, appeared in the Portland papers, and to-day (Wednesday) Mr. Caswell has returned home with almost the entire amount of the stolen goods. A few of the smaller articles are missing. It was evidently buried in a hasty manner and either the thief could not find the spot where it was concealed or else dared not come back for it. He was pretty closely pursued at this point and was obliged to give up his load or himself. It was found and restored by Mr. Fales of the Cumberland Mills, Westbrook.

Among the thousand extravagant stories told of the "Ellsworth Zouaves," is that about the twenty young women who dressed themselves in the uniform of the soldiers, and took their places in the ranks. They were not discovered for some time, but when they were known, were promptly sent back to New York. Has't it been a custom to take along at least one "Daughter of the Regiment," from time immemorial?—Of course there could have been no objection except, possibly, the number.

We learn that the students of Fryburg Academy propose giving a public exhibition next Tuesday evening, which promises to be of a superior character. The programme we do not know, but venture the opinion that it will be worth attending.—Tableaux are to form a part of the entertainment. The proceeds are for the benefit of the "Organ circle." We hope to be able to attend it, as we can very properly claim to belong to the alumni of that institution.

Notwithstanding there was no military company formed in this town, as was expected there might be at one time, some twenty-five young men—who have their homes here, are already enlisted in the cause of the Government, which is doing pretty well for a town so far removed from any immediate war excitement.

Everything promises well for a bountiful year. The grass crop can hardly help being of a valuable character. The fields are already green and well set.

The man who took the whiffle-trees from Bennett's Saloon, if he will bring them back by Saturday night, will hear of something to the advantage of all concerned.

Peterson's Magazine for June has been received and, as usual, is among the choicest fruits of the editor's table. Every body should have this work.

COST OF ARTILLERY. The cost of Dahlgren's great nine inch iron guns is 7 1-2 cents per pound. As they weigh 9000 lbs. each, the cost of a gun is \$645. The eight-inch Columbiads weigh about 8,500 pounds; the ten inch, 16,000 pounds each; both are sold at 6 1-2 cents a pound. Forty-two pounders, weigh 8000 pounds; thirty two pounders, 3,300 to 3,600 pounds each. The twelve pounders are sold at six cents, the others at six cents a pound. Sea-coast howitzers of eight and ten inch bore, weigh from 8,500 to 9,500 pounds each, and are sold at 6 1-4 cents a pound. Six inch howitzers of eight inch bore are much lighter, weighing from 2,500 to 3,000 pounds, and are sold at the same rate as those above mentioned. Brass guns are much lighter, the army pattern twelve-pounders weighing only 4,300 pounds; they are however sold at 36 cents a pound. The Dahlgren brass guns are still proportionately higher priced; the patent mountain twelve pound howitzers weighing 220 pounds, are sold at seventy-five cents a pound. Shells sold according to weight, at from four to six cents a pound; shot at 3 1-4 to 4 cents.

THE FIGHT AT ST. LOUIS. Saturday brought us intelligence of important military operations at St. Louis, Mo. Jackson and the Legislature of that State are opposed to the government, some of them being open secessionists and others in favor of neutrality for the State. They ordered an encampment of troops on Thursday, within the limits of St. Louis, who assembled under the command of Gen. Frost at Camp Jackson. Capt. Lyon was in command of the Federal troops at the Arsenal, and had also fortified the high lands about the city, ready to shell it, if need be.—On Saturday he marched to Camp Jackson with 6,000 men, mostly German volunteers, and demanded that Gen. Frost and the State troops, numbering 800, surrender as rebels.

Gen. Frost replied that the encampment was organized under a law of the State, simply for organizing and drilling the volunteer militia of this military district, and not expecting any demonstration, he was unprepared successfully to resist the attack. He therefore accepted the terms specified and surrendered his command; they then laid down their arms and were escorted to the city as prisoners of war. Release on parole was tendered to the officers and troops, providing they took the oath not to take up arms against the United States Government, which they declined on the ground that it implied that they had already taken up arms, which they disclaimed.

Just before the troops left the city, and while the State forces were drawn up between the lines of the volunteers, several rocks were thrown at the volunteers, and a few pistol shots were fired by excited parties in the surrounding crowd, which was composed of a large number of citizens including many women. One shot took effect in the leg of Captain Biantowski, and as he fell he gave the order to fire, which was obeyed by some two or three companies, resulting in the death of upwards of 20 persons, including two women, several children, and badly wounding several others.

Among the killed are Walter M. Dowell, Thomas A. Haven and Emily Dummer.—Intense excitement followed and large bodies of men thronged the streets. The Democrat and American offices were threatened, but the promptness of the Chief of Police prevented any violent demonstration thus far. All gun shops in the city were guarded by armed police, and 200 were detailed to protect the Democrat and Anzeiger offices.

NEGRO INSURRECTION. RISING SUN, Ind., May 10. The telegraph operator at Patriot, Ind., telegraphs that he has been called upon to aid in quelling a negro insurrection which broke out last night in Owen and Gallatin counties, Kentucky. Great fears are felt, as it is supposed the negroes are led on by two or three white citizens of Kentucky. The people are gathering all their forces to put down the insurrection, and runners have been sent to Indiana for assistance. Capt. Willis who has a company here for her own State service, has telegraphed that he will come to their assistance. The telegraph line is down between Patriot and Vevary. It is thought it has been cut by the rebels to prevent news of insurrection being transmitted.

FROM BALTIMORE. BALTIMORE, May 10. This morning a wagon containing a suspicious looking box and three men, was observed going out on the Frederick road from Baltimore. Gen. Butler dispatched a scouting party in pursuit, who overtook it six miles beyond the Relay House. The box was found to contain a Dickinson's steam gun, which was being taken to Harper's Ferry.—The gun and the men were brought into camp. One of the men is Dickinson, the inventor of the machine. The prisoners were sent to Annapolis.

NEW YORK, May 13. A despatch to the Tribune at Washington, states that scouts are daily returning from the South, who bring accounts of forces at Richmond, Lynchburg, Montgomery, New Orleans and Pensacola, and that they intend marching on Washington, and if that plan is abandoned, the men will mutiny against their leaders. A despatch to the Herald states that a government agent reports that there are not more than 4000 rebel troops at Harper's Ferry, but probably more in the vicinity.—They occupy not only the Virginia side, but also that of Maryland and were apprehensive of an attack from the Federal troops; they were receiving supplies, arms, ammunition, &c., from Baltimore, and had a military road direct to that city. The government will soon cut off this road, thus stopping their supplies.

A Washington despatch to the Herald says that there are plenty of spies in the very midst of the Federal troops, but they cannot be treated as such, as no declaration of war has been made.

Governor Andrew has been notified that Massachusetts citizens are imprisoned at Richmond and Charleston without offence.

BALTIMORE, May 13. The city is very quiet, and the excitement has entirely subsided. Fort McHenry was largely reinforced to-day from Annapolis, and contains now about 1200 men. Gen. Butler arrived at the Fort to-day from Annapolis, and is still there.

MUCH TO DO. The Charleston Courier thus lays down the war programme of the rebels:—

"But, in the mean time, we have much to do. We shall be necessitated to whip them soundly—to burn a few of their towns—to capture Washington as a city, or enter it as a heap of ruins; we will have to cripple their commerce with privateers, burn their factories, and reduce them to the condition of baying peace, instead of graciously condescending to grant us a separate existence with peace as we have besought. Everything leads to this opinion. They are distracted among themselves. Their resources are crippled; their tolling millions are suffering already; their sober, thinking men acknowledge that madness rules their every movement, and none who view things as they are, can for a moment believe that success will crown their efforts."

DROWNED. A young man named Aaron Shackley, of Norway, who had been residing a short time in Walpole, Mass., took passage in the Steamer from Boston to this port, on Monday evening, April 29. On the arrival of the boat at this place next morning, he was not to be found. His coat, cap, and watch were found in his berth. It is supposed he was affected with sea-sickness, went on deck to relieve himself and fell overboard.—Argus.

Accounts say that secessionists have troops enough in Virginia, but they are poorly equipped and worse fed. They have arms and powder enough, but no permission caps whatever. The secession government were only recently informed of this fact, and were very much surprised. Provisions in Richmond are very scarce, common brown sugar alone selling at twenty-five cents per pound.

FROM ECROPE. Sandy Hook. The steamship Great Eastern, from Liverpool, arrived at the afternoon of May 10. Milford Haven 2d inst., has a point.

In the British House of Commons, Mr. Gregory's motion relative to the Southern Confederacy was passed two weeks.

The Southern Commissioners in England. All homeward bound Americans had been insured at four guineas the war risk.

The Great Eastern left New York the evening of the 1st inst., and after a passage in nine days and three hours, she encountered a tremendous storm on the 4th, during which she rolled so far over her side that she was nearly capsized.

In the House of Lords, on the 10th, Lord Wodehouse stated, in relation, that Government recognized its obligation to interfere in the civil war in America, but not materially or otherwise.

The English papers continue to discuss American affairs. The entire issue, excepting the Times, sympathetic with the loyal States, and as the Times, fears a serious conflict, is determined to force obedience.

Turkey proposed that a thousand soldiers should remain in Syria, and forms decided upon by the Emperor had been completely carried out.

The President of the Court of Modlis, Poland, had declared himself arrested during the late events. Nearly all the inhabitants of the present at the funeral of the late Palatya. All the houses were hung in black, national songs were sung in speeches made, but there was no dance.

FROM CALIFORNIA. FORT KENNER. The Pony Express from San Francisco, has arrived.

Breadstuffs were in active demand and wheat for England and India, New York. There is no advance in the holders are firmer.

The limited treasure shipment consequence of apprehensions of the Gulf of Mexico.

The Union spirit was thoroughly under the news of the secession and the fight in Baltimore, and marching on Washington by J. Edgar monster Union demonstration was in San Francisco. The fear was with secession was very quiet. During the public reception at Latham in Sacramento, some words for Jeff. Davis which produced a riot by the drawing of weapons in jury of several persons, when transferred and restored order.

Many Union clubs have been in San Francisco and all the principle who repudiate the idea that California occupy a neutral position in the Congressional election will the 20th of May.

The Collector at San Francisco, ten a long letter in favor of the independence of the South to appeal to arms.

The Santa Clara land trouble unsettled. It seems probable that error will soon call out the militia 1000 strong. Serious trouble is headed. The settlers are now number 700, mostly armed, though, and determined to fight to be ejected.

MEANNESS. Nobody ever gains by meanness, and yet meanness is often manifested by men from whom a right to expect better things. I take notice and shun those who allow often have we observed meanness by those in temporary positions who for the time being, are in an inferior position; and how we observed those inferior rising to high places of society, and dispensers of favors to those who had trifled injured them when they were the power. And how often have people recklessly calumniate others they thought too insignificant to give to them, and after a series of a change of circumstances, we find these same people to bitterly feel that they had forfeited the favor of the significant individuals by their meanness. It costs a man nothing to be mean, and as a matter of policy nearly all make a better investment. What than all, and above all, magnanimity the character of a man, and that feeling of self-respect which he do without. Lacking this, people are mere shadows, but the self respect magnanimous men enjoy through about their whole existence, and they have a capacity for the highest men, but they are enabled to put welfare of others, the reflection of on themselves constitutes the happiness which human nature is of experiencing.

OUR NAVY. The number of our commission, preparing for sea, and enter the United States service is that of which five are screw frigates, one hundred and seventy-two gun sailing frigates, two hundred gun ships of war, seventy-five gun frigates, gun-boats, twenty-seven gun sloops of war, one hundred and eighty-two brigs, twelve guns, and sixteen steam and screw vessels fifty guns; of these vessels are now at New York with all possible speed; and Boston, fitting, while seventeen are in the home or blockading squadrons, total number of guns carried by the able fleet is seven hundred and nine.

Rev. O. J. Fernald, Unitarian minister at Thomaston, landed at Rockland, moving from the Daniel Webster Hotel, in a state of great exhaustion, left Boston in the cars on Monday night last. He was taken to the best medical attendance, and efforts to save his life were made, but he died the same evening.

Freddy was less than four years old, sister, who is not quite a year old, sitting in her father's lap crying for her mother, who had just died. Freddy turned to her and said, "I'll earn money possible;—I'll earn you're cried enough; there's no more you're; mother's gone away, and don't keep the article you said."

Prentice says there is a terrible lung throughout the whole country, the new born infants are all in arms.

RETURN WAR.—A morning's named Ch where his from Balt the victim in the last cease I see "roughs," cripple for head, his l mangled by and re-er cover its us off by a pi his scalp, but encirg laly of the ulous care turn to his.

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ACCIDENT. In the Skow Mills, met a place on Sa get upon th tion, he slip partly acro the truck or stripped the no bones.—

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MISCELLANY.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

BY L. LOVELL.

O, I am a Farmer's Daughter,
And my cottage home is small;
Yet how happy in this heart of mine,
Where no shadowy sorrows fall!
For I love my home most dearly
And all its scenes around;
Here Nature with all her sweetest smiles
At every step is found!

Yes, I am a Farmer's Daughter,
And the Lord will surely forgive,
If I pride me for the pleasant way
And the home in which I live;
As in Eden all is lovely,
Whichever way I roam,
For ancient woods and flowery fields
Surround my cottage home.

Yes, I am a Farmer's Daughter
And I meet the proud and fair,
Who often come from the crowded town
For a breath of country air:
Tho' they sometimes treat me rudely,
And toss their heads in scorn;
'Tis that they do not understand
The home where I was born!

Tho' I am a Farmer's Daughter,
And in French can take no part,
And the formal rules of city life,
Never froze my truthful heart,
Search not for greater happiness,
Than this life of mine;
'Tis so derived from Nature's self,
It seems almost divine!

Tho' I am a Farmer's Daughter,
And my cheeks are rather brown;
Yet I envy not those paler ones
Of the close, unhealthy town:
'Tis the sunlight that sends kisses
Some million miles to me,
And tho' the browner makes my cheeks
Face I love to see!

I'm a happy, Farmer's Daughter,
Tho' my hand is not as fair,
'As 'twould have been, if ne'er exposed
To the sunshine and the air;
And as you will help to keep it,
I'll tell you a secret now,
This hand is pledged to a youth
Who loves to guide the plough!

A PIÈCE OF LEGAL ADVICE.

The ancient town of Rennes, in France, is a place famous for law. To visit Rennes without getting advice of some sort, seems absurd to the country people around about.

It happened one day that a farmer named Barnard, having come to town on business, bought himself that as he had a few hours to spare, it would be well to get the advice of a good lawyer.

He had often heard of a lawyer named Fey, who was in such high repute that people believed a law suit gained when he undertook their cause.

The countryman went to his office, and after waiting some time, was admitted to an interview. He told the lawyer that having heard so much about him, and happening to be in town, he thought he would call and consult him.

"You wish to bring an action perhaps?" replied the lawyer.

"O, no," replied the farmer; "I am at peace with all the world."

"Then it is a settlement of property that you want, is it?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer, my family and I have never made a division, seeing we draw from the same well, as the saying is."

"It is, then to get me to negotiate a purchase or a sale that you have come?"

"O, no; I am neither rich enough to purchase nor poor enough to sell."

"Will you tell me, then, what you do want of me?" said the lawyer, in a tone of surprise.

"Why, I have already told you, Mr. Lawyer," replied Barnard; "I want your advice—I mean to pay you for it of course."

The lawyer smiled, and taking pen and paper asked the countryman his name.

"Peter Barnard," replied the countryman, quite happy that the lawyer at length understood what he wanted.

"Your age?"

"Thirty years or very near it."

"Your vocation?"

"What's that?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"O! that's what it means, is it? Why, I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper and handed it to his client.

"Is it finished already?" said the farmer; "well and good! What is the price of that advice, Mr. Lawyer?"

"Three francs."

Barnard paid the money and took his leave, delighted that he made use of this opportunity to get a piece of advice from the great lawyer.

When the farmer reached home it was four o'clock; the journey had fatigued him, and he determined to rest the remainder of the day. Meanwhile, the hay had been cut two days, and was completely made. One of his men came and asked him if they should draw it in.

"What, this evening?" exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had come to meet her husband. "It would be a pity to begin the work so late, since it can be done as well to-morrow."

Barnard was uncertain which way to decide. Suddenly he recollected that he had the lawyer's advice in his pocket.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed, "I have an advice, and a famous one, too, that I paid three francs for; it ought to tell us what to do. Here, wife, see what it says; you can read written hand better than I."

The woman took the paper and read this line—

"Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"That's it!" exclaimed Barnard, as if a ray of light had cleared up all his doubts. "Come, be quick! get the carts and away! Come, girls, all to the hay field! It shall not be said that I bought a three franc opinion and made no use of it. I will follow the lawyer's advice."

Barnard himself set the example by leading the way in the work, and not returning till the hay was brought in. The event seemed to prove the wisdom of his conduct, and the foresight of the lawyer.

The weather changed during the night; an unexpected storm burst over the valley. The next morning it was found that the river had overflowed and carried away all the hay that had been left in the fields. The crops of the neighboring farmers were completely destroyed; Barnard alone had not suffered.

The success of his first experiment gave him such faith in the advice of the lawyer, that from that time forth he adopted it as his rule of conduct, and became consequently one of the most prosperous farmers in the country. I hope that you my readers, will take a hint from his success, and never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

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UNIVERSAL
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This valuable preparation, freed of all the common components, such as Opium, or Expectorants, which not only run down the system, but destroy all chance of cure, will be found on trial to possess the following properties, and to which the most valuable testimonials may be found in the pamphlets.

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In ordinary Coughs and Bronchial Complaints, the forerunners of Consumption, its splendid tonic properties make it not only the most perfect enemy to disease, but builds up and sustains the system against a recurrence of the Complaint. No nursery should be without it, nor should parents fail to get a pamphlet, to be found with all dealers as the only way to do justice to its value.

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CELEBRATED
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This great Neuralgic Remedy and Natural Opiate calls for special attention and interest, being free of Opium, or preparations of Opium, or of any but its strictly vegetable and medicinal properties. For Neuralgia Rheumatism, Gout, Tooth and Ear Ache, Spinal Complaints, Bleeding at the Lungs or Stomach, Rose or Hay Fever, Catarrh, and all minor Nervous Complaints.

For Loss of Sleep, Chronic or Nervous Head Ache, Sick Head Ache, it has no equal, and to which we offer testimonials from undoubted sources.

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For Bowel Complaints, including Cholera Morbus, it is splendidly adapted, in not only removing the pains but acting as a physic, a great contrast with Opium, which not only constipates and drugs the system, but makes the remedy worse than the disease.

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The experience of thousands daily proves that no preparation of Iron can be compared with it. Impurities of the blood, depression of vital energy, pale and otherwise sickly complexion indicate its necessity in almost every venereal case.

Innocuous in all maladies in which it has been tried, it has proved absolutely curative in each of the following complaints, viz:—
In Debility, Nervous Affections, Emaciation, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Impurified Constitution, Scrophulous Tuberculosis, Salt Rheum, Menstruation, Whites, Chlorosis, Liver Complaints, Chronic Headaches, Rheumatism, Intermittent Fevers, Pimples on the Face, &c.

In cases of GENERAL DEBILITY, whether the result of acute disease, or of the continued diminution of nervous and muscular energy from chronic complaints, one trial of this restorative has proved successful to an extent which no description nor written attestation would render credible. It has been resorted to in their own neighborhoods, have suddenly re-appeared in the busy world as if just returned from protracted travel in a distant land. Some very signal instances of this kind are attested of female Sufferers, emaciated victims of apparent marasmus, and that complication of nervous and dyspeptic aversion to air and exercise for which the physician has no name.

In NERVOUS AFFECTIONS of all kinds, and for reasons familiar to medical men, the operation of this preparation of Iron must necessarily be salutatory, for, unlike the old oxides, it is vigorously tonic, without being exciting and overheating; and gently, regularly appearing, even in the most obstinate cases of costiveness without ever being a gastric purgative, or inflicting a disagreeable sensation.

It is in this latter property, among others, which makes it so remarkably effectual and permanent a remedy for Piles, upon which it also appears to exert a distinct and specific action, by dispersing the local tendency which forms them.

The attention of females cannot be too confidently invited to this remedy and restorative, in the cases peculiarly affecting them.

In RHEUMATISM, both Chronic and inflammatory—in the latter, however, more decided, and apparently malignant, the effects have been equally decisive and astonishing.

In the local pains, loss of flesh and strength, debilitating cough, and remittent hectic, which generally indicate INTERESTING CONSUMPTION, this remedy has allayed the alarm of distress, and in several very gratifying and interesting instances.

In SCROFULOUS TUBERCULOSIS, this medicated iron has had far more than the good effect of the most cautiously balanced preparations of iodine, without any of their well known liabilities.

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DYSPEPSIA, by thoroughly cleansing the first and second stomachs, and creating a flow of pure, healthy bile, instead of the stale and acid bile, **FLATULENCY**, **LOSS OF APPETITE**, **HEARTBURN**, **HEADACHE**, **INDIGESTION**, **ANXIETY**, **LANGOR**, and **MELANCHOLY**, which are the general symptoms of Dyspepsia, will vanish, as a natural consequence of its cure.

CONSTIPATION, by cleansing the whole length of the intestines with a solvent process, and without violence; all violent purges leave the bowels constive within two days.

FEVERS of all kinds, by restoring the blood to a regular circulation, through the process of respiration in such cases, and the thorough solution of all intestinal obstruction in others.

The LIFE MEDICINES have been known to cure **RHEUMATISM** permanently in three weeks, and **GOUT** in half that time, by removing local inflammation from the muscles and ligaments of the joints.

PROSTRIES of all kinds, by freeing and strengthening the kidneys and bladder; they operate most delightfully on these important organs, and hence have ever been found a certain remedy for the worst cases of **GRAVEL**.

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The use of these Pills for a very short time will effect an entire cure of **SALT RHEUM**, and a striking improvement in the clearness of the skin. **COMMON COLDS** and **INFLUENZA** will always be cured by one dose, or by two in the worst cases.

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